



DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 170.

The Principles of Nature.

A FUNERAL DISCOURSE.

BY T. J. SMITH.

Pronounced on the occasion of the death of Joseph N., son of Dr. Lyman Howard, aged fifteen years; and Walter, son of Lewis Spurr, aged thirteen years, both of Columbus, Chenango county, N. Y., who were drowned together in the Unadilla river, June 10, 1855.

"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. 22:5.

HUMAN life has many changes. Like a mountain stream, its course is often wayward and uneven—now leaping in childish glee, a sparkling cascade over its rocky bed—then whirling in bright circles from shore to shore, and with fitful starts moving forward and backward, as if hesitating between its goal and fountain, and anon, with a graceful sweep, swinging out into the smoother channel of manhood's years; life and motion mark its course, and these grow less and less, like a tired courser in his flight, until, with a slow and feeble tide, it mingles its waters with the vasty deep.

So human life is various, and moves amid the diversified scenery of mortality, with lights and shapes upon its bosom. The child of to-day is the youth of to-morrow, that youth is the man of another period, and that man gives way by slow degrees to the touch of decay, until the grave is neared by his footsteps, and feeble age trembles over it.

What pencil shall paint the scenes that have been passed—what pen describe the joys and sorrows along its path? What tongue shall move vocal with its heart-life—and who reveal the all of that journey? Memory may hold many rich treasures; and yet, perhaps, the clear light of immortality may be necessary to guide the vision in tracing all its scenes.

But as limited and imperfect as our knowledge and memory are, let the last raise her glass, and recall some few events the last threescore years have witnessed in this vicinity.

Then the silence of these hills and valleys was scarce broken by the voice of man, and one dense forest waved in primeval majesty over its wild inhabitants. Seasons had come and gone, and denser, darker grew its shade. The vernal sunbeams fell gratefully among its leaves, and autumnal winds scattered them in wild confusion over the earth. The spring-time again had come, and "lengthening days and brightening suns" filled every heart with promises of good. In this bright and gay and joyous season, two youths (aged nineteen and seventeen years) might have been seen crossing the eastern boundary of this town and county, and pausing on the banks of the stream just passed. A firm resolve was in their hearts, and supple muscles obeyed their wills. The solitude of the forest was broken by the axeman's stroke, and the nucleus of improvement was formed. On—on—slowly moved its tide.

The earth had nearly completed its circuit, and another youth (over whose being twenty-three summers had passed) came to swell the little pioneer band, and make the virgin earth yield her treasures to manly toil. And these youths were friends, and the first and last, side by side, settled themselves amid the stern realities of a forest life. The morning held its gray mantle over the first stroke of the axe, and evening's shades gathered around the last feeble blow of a long and well-spent day.

And these youths soon sprang to manhood, and companions came to share with them the great responsibilities of life. And sons and daughters were their portion, and thus swelled out each family group into the larger household circle. And others came, young in years and high in hopes, and the circuit of the neighborhood enlarged, and the tide of improvement rapidly increased. The valleys opened their bosoms to the melting sunbeams, and the hill-tops to the free courses of the wind. The notes of the wild-bird mingled with the happy voices of children, and the air trembled with a beating pulse of joy. Time turned his glass, and years hastened away. The pioneer youths had passed the meridian of life, and their sons had reached to manhood, and gone forth with bosom companions to test their fortunes with the coming future. A few years, and these help-meets are called to a higher clime and different companionship. One leaves a son and a daughter: the other goes childless hence. Again unions are formed, and these friends and pioneers have children's children calling them grandfathers, and looking to them in filial regard. Their locks are whitened with the lapse of four-score years, and they move among another generation. Death has thinned the ranks of that band, with whom the wilderness-struggle began. A few members will include them all now. A varied experience has been theirs, amid the checkered scenes of time. The pilgrim fathers alone can tell their tale, bidding the past unlock her treasures, and giving to each scene a ready utterance. The sunny month of June has arrived, and already its tenth day is passing. It is the Sabbath; and with its peaceful hours, friends bear to the narrow house the mortal remains of a maiden, whom the angels had called, and she had gone up to wear their flowery crown.

The aged and young gathered around the new-made grave, and with solemn hearts gave back the dust to mingle with its kindred element. That circle breaks as each returns to his home, and it is the same again, and each one sits down to commune with his own heart and the angel-world in welcome silence. There comes a sound—a startling sound—to break the stillness, and rouse the dormant powers to action. It is not simply the tone that awakens attention, but it is the tone that pales the cheek and quickens the heart and moves the limbs as with a mighty impulse, that reason can neither control nor fully guide. "With the swollen stream three lads, imperiled, struggle with the watery element for life." "And there was hurrying to and fro" as that sound swept on, and gathered fluttering hearts along the shore of that foamy river. A moment only, and one stands safe by its ruthless tide. A few moments more, and the lifeless form of another is snatched from its watery surroundings, and long and faithful attempts are made to resuscitate that body, but a few moments before flushed with life and hope. But the freed bird returns not again to its cage, nor life to the forsaken form. Anxious eyes and hurrying footsteps follow that stream in vain for the other body, and four days pass on before human eyes again behold it.

Think of that father and mother, when the sad news broke like a thunder-clap upon them "that their son was drowned." See them rush to the sad scene, and with clasped hands over the body, cold, cold in death's embrace, yield themselves up to the strong emotions which swelled their bosoms! O God! thine angels bore their prayer to thee, and thou didst bid them return with a balm for this deep, deep wound! Think of the father of the other in the far West, crippled by disease, and helpless upon a bed of suffering. His day-dreams are brightened with the form of his only and absent son, and the plans of life start from and return to him as the center and circumference of his earthly ambition. A sainted wife left to his care and guardianship that son and a daughter, and garnered affection held them dear. How trembled that feeble frame when the solemn news reached him that that "son was drowned!" Ah! when is a parent ready to give up a child, and when allowed to choose the means and mode of its departure! Affection clings with striking tenacity to each bright gem in the circle of love.

An earthly father mourned the removal of a son, but a heavenly mother smiled as she gave him a joyful welcome to her immortal home. And these gathered around the other kindred and friends, and both were ushered into the society of the blest above, by angels radiant with immortal light. And these lads were young, standing on the verge of youth, and hastening forward to enjoy its every scene. High gifts were theirs; and these were furnished by mental culture, and chastened by knowledge. And these lads were the grandchildren of these aged pioneers, neighbors and friends, the elder but recently from a distant State, yet together they started on the immortal journey. Thus the gifted and the young, alike with the dull and the aged, pass away!

And Providence varies with none of these changes; but these changes constitute the endless web of life. No special favor prolongs the years of the pilgrim, and no lack of favor cuts short the days of a child. The drop of water is not lost because the sunbeam lifts it above its fellows, neither is human life, with all its essential attributes, lessened or lost, because the immortal world attracts its currents to higher channels of activity. God's sovereign order knows no increase or diminution, with the birth and death of mortals or of worlds; but these are the augmenting streams, that flow with a ceaseless tide from the everlasting fountain of his fullness. Man may fail to see the links of that unfolding chain of being, and in his darkness feel that the chain is broken that bound his friends in the bundle of life, while a link only has been turned, whose dazzling brightness darkened his vision. But I turn from the darkened scene where fond hopes were blighted, and sudden sorrows came, and tear-drops flowed, and the grave opened, and the stifled sigh was heard; from all these I turn to the sun-light of hope and the rays of immortality; and as far as in my power, let me weave their beams into a bright crown of rejoicing for each mourner's brow.

The door that opens for the release of mortality from its prison, is only dark on its earth-side, while the other glimmers with the dew-drops of grace in the light of celestial worlds. Calm thy soul, oh mourning kindred, and let thy tear-drops mingle in the rainbow of promise over thy head! There is life and light and consolation for thee in upper worlds, and thither go with an humble heart, asking a supply, and in due time the draft will be honored.

To the exalted and enlightened mind there is no death; and in the mild beamings of immortal light there is no doubt. As darkness comes not where the full blaze of noon-day glory falls, so doubt and death have no place in the illumined soul, warmed and quickened with heavenly grace. Then the dark night of sorrow passes away, and the glad morn of salvation breaks on the soul. When the summit of the mountain is gained, then the extended vision sweeps over fields before unknown, and dwells enraptured on the beautiful scenes. So, when the soul climbs up from the darkness of material life, and gazes from its windows upon the opening glories of the immortal world, a calm assurance stays its anxiety and matures its attributes, for a broader view and deeper joy. In that clear, pure light, let my thoughts have birth, and with its glories be all my words baptized.

Of that higher life and its inhabitants the Revelator says: "And there shall be no night there." And the poet has said of it,

"A land upon whose peaceful shores
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again."

There dwell the friends that have gone out from us, in that world of light, with all the gradations of unfolded life, with all the attributes of manhood, exalted, perfected, and harmonized by obedience to the laws of God. Passion is there as the centripetal force

of self-hood, becoming brighter and purer with the increasing light and extended opportunity for a growth in grace. Intellect is there, to gather up the rich treasures of knowledge, and bask in the wisdom of the Divine. A love of the beautiful is there; and angel fingers lift the veil from the flower-adorned landscapes of the heavenly clime, revealing the river of life, whose pure wave mirrors the budding glories of the supernal world. Moral attributes are there; and these stretch on and on to higher planes, to feed their growing desires for greater good. Affection is there—hallowed affection, with all of its solitude and tender regard, and warm sympathy and vigilant guardianship, and its deep fountains open wider with streams of kindness day by day. The father is there, in the very prime of life, and the mother, with all her garnered love, wears the bloom of maturest years; and the youth is there, in the chastened odor of mortal life, rising up day by day to brighter scenes; and the maiden is there, like the bud just bursting into a lovely flower of sweetest fragrance; and the child is there, with its sunny brow and laughing eyes, and waving ringlets and dancing feet, that climb the sunbeams and move with the velocity of light; these, all these, are there, and make vocal the mansions above with the songs of joy that break from their lips. All life, all light, all good and glory are there; friends and friendship are there, for that life holds the perfected flowers of all the buds of promise from the lower world. The Lord God is the light thereof, and his mercies are the burnished walls of glory that dazzle each Spirit's eye.

Why turns back the mortal from his joys, and trembles at the thought of tracing its fields of light? Alas! the circling currents of the lower life hold him within their eddying whirl, and he shrinks back instinctively from the unknown circuit, that measures out the peaceful calm beyond. He learns the surroundings of his nursery home, but opens not the door, nor climbs the walls of the better mansion connected therewith. To gain an acquaintance with, and become adapted to, each successive stage of being, is the great duty and privilege of man. This is to honor God and keep his commandments, and serve our fellows, and unfold our powers in harmony with the Divine will. This brings us into the kingdom of heaven; and there the light of immortality irradiates our souls, and warms them up with the Divine life. This is the christianized condition, where the soul is saved from darkness and doubt and death; where the carnal life ends, and the spiritual begins; where the old leaven is purged out, and a new creature is formed. The Gospel makes plain the way to this high attainment, and to its exalted conditions and privileges gives the name of redemption.

Below this plane of light and salvation, all conceivable views will obtain, and all varieties of practices occur, all stages of unfolding be found, and all gradations of enjoyment realized. Each may act according to his light, each speak according to his wisdom, and each enjoy in harmony with his capacity. With the human soul the improvement must needs be made. Here darkness must be dispelled, strife and discord quelled, the fires of suffering quenched, ignorance overcome, and light and harmony and perfection gained. Here begins and continues and ends thy duty, O man; and this duty done, and never before, the high privileges of reconciliation will be thy portion. Then wilt thou realize that

"The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets."

Men speak as they conceive and feel and see, and their words reveal faithfully their own experiences. These experiences are the records of the attainments made, and show at all times the extent traveled of the journey of life. As the future and higher life is light, so every advance we make in its direction, the light increases over and around and within us. As that world is harmony, every permanent advance we make therein blends our powers in an exalted relationship, and makes us members of the living household of faith. Fear is the shadow of our ignorance falling darkly on the soul; doubt is the deadly fruit of the darkness within us; our tears are born of our selfishness and doubts, our sorrows of our inharmoniousness and sins. Love alone can conquer and cast out our fears, light dispel our darkness, confidence and hope dry up our tears, while obedience and harmony raise us up to the joys of the redeemed. There no blighting shadow falls; there no turbid stream of woe murmurs along its darkened course; but there the blended notes of joy swell out upon the air, and intermingle with the brightness of its glory. "For there is no night there." In this light the change of worlds is calmly viewed—viewed as the wise arrangement of a kind Father for the best good of his children.

Pilgrim of mortality! come and stand in this light, and drink in of this wisdom, till thine enlightened testimony tells of the conquest of death, and victory over the grave. Stand here on this attainment, and listen, and thou shalt hear a living voice roll down from the worlds of light, and sounding on, and sounding ever, "We gather them in, we gather them in." Yes, of that innumerable company who have swung from the moorings of mortality, not one is lost, but all trim their white sails on the sea of life, and guide their barks toward its far-distant shore. Not one is lost; but all have gone before us to that brighter clime, and there await their coming kindred, there mingle with the just made perfect, drink of the river of life a deeper draught of joy, and strike their harps to the high notes of praise that thrill the bosoms of the redeemed for evermore.

Our fathers have gone there, and mingled with acquaintance

and friends and kindred; yea, their fathers, perchance, were there before them to welcome their coming, and guide them up the opening beauties of the Spirit-world. Our mothers are there, with the dear, dear relatives of the lower sphere, forming bright circles of bliss with the sparkling gems of affection strung on friendship's chain. Our sisters are there, and swell the band of the blessed with the fraternal relations hallowed by upper worlds. Our sisters are there; and warmly, kindly beat their hearts in the deep and abiding affections, whose fountains are never dry. Our children are there, and our love followed them up to the portals of light; and there, there the angels' love met and filled them with joy. Thousands had gone there before them, thousands followed them to the immortal world, and thousands mingle in their daily joys. Fathers watch over them, mothers love them, brothers and sisters instruct them, companions cheer and gladden them, and the Great Father of light smiles upon and blesses each loved group in the Spirit-land.

Death is the door through which we pass to the higher life. Through that door we all must pass. And to many of us it is already ajar, and soon will it open gently at our approach, and we shall go from the circles of earth to the bright circles above. When I look around and count up the broken groups of earth, I realize the brevity of mortal life, and see that broad, deep stream, whose tide never ebbs, bearing all on its bosom away. I gaze on this assemblage, and see not the favored one who next may pass on to the higher clime; but when I look again, the number may be less. A child, a youth, or one stricken with years, may step from this stage of action. And another and another, and still another shall go out, and in five years many will have been called hence away. When ten years roll round, perhaps not one of the aged pioneers who bend reverently with the weight of years before me to-day, will then remain in this sphere. You and I may go first, but they will soon go. And, blessed privilege, and high and heavenly boon, that we all can go up to the world of light!

"And thou, O man,
Burdened with sorrow, at the woes that crowd
Thy narrow heritage, lift up thy head,
In the strong hope of the undying life."

There, there, with that life, is

"The gray-haired sire that diet in blessing thee—
Mother, or sweet-lipped babe, or she who gave
Thy home the light and bloom of paradise;
These shall be thine again, when thou shalt pass,
At God's appointment, through the shadowy vale,
To reach the sunlight of the immortal hills."

And I rejoice that by and by I shall go up to join their angel band, and bask in the glories of the eternal world. With the hope that cheers my heart, I can well be patient, and "wait all the days of my appointed time until my change come."

Yet when that time shall come, methinks, like the captive bird, I will rejoice, and through the open door go forth to the land of light. Already its attractive influences, in living currents, sway my heart, and move me gently upward toward their fountain. Parents are there, and they love me still; and I long to go up to the full realization of that love. Sisters and brothers are there, and again would I share their society, and mingle with all their joys. Children are there; and I would rejoice again to clasp them to my bosom, and in the deep fervor of a father's love, share their companionship and sweet affection. These all loved me here; they love me still; and in God's appointed time I shall arise to share that love more fully than now. Friends in long and bright array are there, and I shall rejoice to meet and mingle again in their society in the world of light. God's angels are all there, and I long to gaze on their shining countenances, hear their wisdom, thrill with their music, move with their velocity, rejoice with their joy, and range the infinitude of space under their guidance, gathering the gems of God's wisdom to form a crown of light for the worthy brow. These considerations and attractions shall make welcome the hour and summons that bids me "strike my white tent for the morning march," and move onward to join that unnumbered host within the city of our God. The great and good are there; the young and loved are there; the pure in heart are there; God's mercy and love are there; and why not go where all these are found, and no night darkens the scene?

The soul reaches up in aspiration to its lofty heights, and there are voices, hallowed voices, calling unto man, "Come up hither." Pause, O mortal! in the giddy whirl of thine earthly life, and listen to the joyful whispers that tell of a world of light, and friends there, and blessings enjoyed, and all the holy associations of the angel-clime. Thither thy nature and destiny bear thee, and let wisdom illumine and smoothen thy pathway to the skies.

Mortality is only the beginning of an endless life. It is the budding season of existence, followed by the genial air of the Spirit-clime, where the perfected flower unfolds its beauties, and exhales the fragrance of the higher life. Thither have our friends gone up, and thither do our footsteps tend. "The young bud crowds off the old leaf, and children come with prattling to fill the places of the aged; the aged go hence, and the young become aged; and thus the tide flows on, as drop follows drop, and wave chases wave over the deeps of being."

To-day we stand up like the young tree, full of sap and the green of life upon us; to-morrow the leaves are seared, the branches withered, and the strong trunk decays. To-day we postpone the thoughts of death; to-morrow he comes. To-day we throw the arms of affection around the charmed family circle,

and deem it safe from harm; to-morrow a loved gem is taken from our casket; and we tremble and mourn in our great bereavement. To-day we stand here, and mingle in the glories of material life; to-morrow we may stand with our friends on the shores of immortality, and rejoice in the light of the eternal world.

And it will be but a short time before we all shall stand face to face in the higher spheres, and mingle freely with the glories thereof. There the circles of love will be filled, and the family relations restored. There parting shall never come, nor death be known. But life and light, and joy and rejoicing shall reign and fill the boundless fields.

There the child shall meet and welcome its parents, and the parents their children, and friends their friends, and all be with each other for evermore. Then to them the song of everlasting years will begin, and its tide of melody, augmenting with every harp-string struck by angel-fingers, and vibrating with the full anthem of joy, as it swells and peals through the worlds of light. And you and I will be there, with all the kindred and nations of the earth, gathered into the high mansions of the Father's house. "And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever." Here let me pause, bearing the brightness of this prospect to each mourning heart, and kindling up its hope to its full realization. The shock was sudden and severe that called the departed away, and there are many hearts that feel lonely in their absence. But, my friends, they have lost nothing, but gained much. You have lost nothing but their society for a brief period, and even that is not fully lost, unless you will it to be so to you.

There is a way to keep the links of association bright. They live all of their essential attributes, and no blessing they might have enjoyed on earth is now denied them. A father's watchful care, a mother's tender love, brothers' and sisters' companionship and sympathy, grandfathers' good will and kindness—these, all these they have more than shared—they have deeply and fully enjoyed. Methinks I see a mother and grandmother lavish their affection upon them; little children garlanded with flowers come to make them glad; and radiant youths lead the way in the bright circles of joy, and fathers bend over and bless the scene. Thus are they blessed, and more fully blessed when you rejoice in their well-being and high destiny. They wait your coming, and will gather up stores of wisdom till you go, and then stoop down to love to welcome you to their bright homes. Fathers and mothers! God will guard your sons, and angels minister to their good. Brothers and sisters! your absent brothers share the associations of the Spirit-world, and the light that beams upon it. Uncles and aunts! your regard is made good in the dear relations of the higher clime. Grandparents! the sands are few in the glass of time, and when the last one falls, they will rejoice to welcome you to the immortal world, where God's mercy flows, a ceaseless tide, for all. That mercy we implore for the absent father and lonely daughter, nor brotherless, and to it commend all that mourn. And in the light of celestial worlds, may the darkness and gloom of the grave be dispelled, the tear-drops dried, while the rainbow of promise spans the future, and under its bright archway we journey on to the high mansions of our God.

Hark! I hear the angels singing,
In full chorus through the sky;
Highest notes of praise are ringing,
And good tidings they are bringing
From the world of light on high.

"Hither, mortals, look in gladness;
Welcome, welcome to our home;
Rise from gloom and woe and sadness,
From the world of strife and madness,
Safe to guide you we have come."

Angels! wave your banners o'er us,
Fill our souls with light and love;
Long we now to join your chorus—
Join the friends gone up before us,
To the home of God above.

While we wait, oh, come and cheer us,
Day by day with heavenly grace;
Bring celestial glories near us,
Up the hills of light still bear us,
Till we meet you face to face.

Thou art God's child, and must never forget that man is thy brother, equally the son of God. If he err, do not reprove him, for reproof is a dangerous weapon in imperfect hands; love him, and in that love act.

If thou feelest no love within thee, do not attempt to show it unto thy brother, for his spirit will brand thee as a hypocrite; go quietly away, and first learn to love.

Words uttered in unkindness are hard to recall; it were better to guard thyself, and keep silence.

If thou art in doubt, advise not, for such advice is very liable to err.

Learn to wait until thy spirit speaks, then thou wilt find very little spoken to recall.

The instant light flashes upon thy brain, the machinery moves under its power, and the result proves its power and clearness. But if the light comes not within, how can it shine without?

Always remember that silence is preferable unto error.

The former is on the level, but the latter is below the surface of truth.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1855.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our esteemed correspondent, R. H. Brown, is informed that we will be ready to consider whatever "the world" may be pleased to offer on the particular subject referred to in his last letter. In this connection it is only necessary to observe that the case instanced by our friend was an incidental exception to our general rule.

The sentiments of respect and esteem, expressed in such friendly and eloquent terms by our correspondent, are most cordially reciprocated. We will do what we can to banish the darkness, and if R. H. B. will but continue to help "trim our lamp," we venture to say it will burn with greater freedom and brilliancy, and he will at the same time help to realize his own poetic exhortation:

"Never falter, never faint;
Bear then our banner in the van;
He's the truest, purest saint
Who labors for his brother man."

Lines to Robert, by — give evidence of latent powers and limited culture. The fair unknown is kindly advised to subject her faculties to frequent exercise and careful discipline. In this offering there are some lines that will bear reading, but others are too unequal, spiritless and defective to merit a place. On the whole, it contains a prophecy of something better in the future. We quote two stanzas:

"Spirits-forms are with us kneeling,
Making clear our vision dim,
That the rainbow lights of glory
May in mercy enter in."
"Love on every one is smiling,
Love in every star appears,
Every leaf in love's tremulous—
Earth sings harmony of spheres."

"R. M. K., St. Mary's, La., is respectfully informed that we can not open our columns to a discussion of the subject embraced in his letter. Our reasons are comprehended in the article entitled *Minding our own business*, which will be found in this number.

The verses claiming a spiritual origin, signed "Mary Stewart," are declined for the reason that they are not poetry. The alleged source of a communication of this nature can not affect its real significance, or otherwise determine its value.

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS.

No intelligent reader of this paper requires to be informed, at this late date, that it has no fellowship with oppression in any of its phases, whether political, social, mental or spiritual, or that it is in favor of all true reforms. At the same time it is well known that, this journal is strictly devoted to ONE GREAT CAUSE, which has for its object the enfranchisement of the world, in a higher and more comprehensive sense than is embraced in the platform of any political party, or the creed of any religious organization. We have not only endeavored to look at all the wrongs of the world from a philosophical and spiritual standpoint, but also, from the same point of observation, to judge of the comparative value of the various methods whereby political economists, religious teachers, and self-sacrificing philanthropists propose to save the world. Of all these we may, without contravening the rights of any one, be permitted to form our own estimate. Moreover, without presuming to dictate what others ought to do or say, and without entertaining the slightest disposition to denounce any one for exercising his or her legitimate prerogatives, we yet feel at liberty to pursue our own course, and to do our own work, in the way that best accords with the sovereign dictates of our individual reason and conscience.

But, unreservedly as we have desired to devote the columns of this journal to the remarkable facts and sublime philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse, articles, having little or no relation to this important subject, have appeared from time to time, and have not been entirely confined to our miscellaneous department. To oblige correspondents, and at the same time to diversify the contents of the paper, contributions on other themes have been permitted to appear. Among these we might mention several papers which have had a bearing on the Temperance and Slavery questions. On the last named subject we published one lengthy essay, purporting to be the production of the departed N. P. Rogers, and written in a pungent and somewhat argumentative style. It is well known that Mr. Rogers was strongly opposed to slavery while on earth, and he manifested a similar hostility to the institution in this utterance from the world of departed spirits. Indeed, so far as the Spirit-communications and the letters of correspondents in the TELEGRAPH have meddled with this question, either directly or indirectly, they have, with scarcely an exception, had an obvious bearing against the institution and all its concomitants. But to the credit of our numerous southern friends be it said, that so far as we remember, only one man in all the South has ever returned his paper on this account.

But it seems that we have at length committed a grave offense in the opposite direction. In our issue of June 23d, we gave publicity to a letter from an intelligent lady, wherein our correspondent expressed her approbation of "Judge Edmonds' reply to a Massachusetts correspondent on the subject of Slavery." The writer, "W. S. W.," spoke respectfully and charitably of our southern neighbors, and expressed the conviction—established by personal observation during a residence in the South—that the cases of savage cruelty on the part of masters toward their slaves, were far less numerous than many honestly suppose. The letter was written in a very calm and temperate spirit, and "W. S. W.," did not even attempt to defend the institution of Slavery at all, as will be perceived from the following, which we extract from the letter:

I have traveled much, and sojourned for a season in slave-holding States. The more thoroughly I have become acquainted with the institution of Slavery, and the more deeply it has engaged my thoughts, the more entire is my conviction of its ultimate incompatibility with the spirit and progress of free institutions, and with the welfare of the human family.

But there are persons in Massachusetts—where people profess to believe in free discussion—so thin-skinned as to be irritated with "W. S. W.'s" letter, and one "J. C.," writing from South Lingham to the editor of the *Liberator*, thus disposes of our fair correspondent, the TELEGRAPH, our humble self, Spiritualism and the Know-Nothings, all in the same bundle:

"(W. S. W.'s letter) is fit only for your 'Refuge of Oppression.'" If the writer here expresses the views of Judge Edmonds on slavery, one thing is very certain, that such views do not obtain much with Spiritualists in Massachusetts.

In the same paper the editor gives an account of T. L. Harris lecturing in the South—at Baltimore, Griffin (Ga.), Mobile and New Orleans. "In the latter city he delivered twenty-six lectures to intelligent, and for the most part, very large audiences." Mr. Clapp's church was freely thrown open for Mr. Harris. The editor, Mr. Brittan, has not one word to say concerning the practical influence it will have on Slavery, but extols New Orleans as a "center of radiation," and says that "the cause is in an exceedingly healthy state in this city!" So we see that New York Spiritualism, as well as New York Know-Nothingism, makes no controversy with slavery.

Who "J. C." is we know not, but he seems anxious to make war between the *Liberator* and the TELEGRAPH; or perhaps he desires to diminish Mr. Garrison's interest in Spiritualism by insinuating that it is compatible with oppression, and by intimating that its representatives are the enemies of human rights. The intelligent reader will readily apprehend the nature of our offense. In our warfare against the evils of the world we have not made choice of precisely the same weapons that "J. C." is accustomed to use; we did not choose him captain, and have not felt obliged to train in his company so long as we were constantly on duty elsewhere; and so, without pausing to consider the practical

bearings and ultimate results of our labors, "J. C." undertakes to excite popular prejudice and to stir up the lion of the *Liberator*, because we do not straightway take his particular business out of his hands. We predict that it will require a bolder incendiary to set the spiritual household on fire. As for "J. C.'s" little firebrand, it probably will neither disturb our "old folks at home," nor greatly alarm the *Garrison* of the friends of freedom.

In this connection it may be necessary to repeat the substance of what we have before repeatedly expressed in these columns, viz., that this paper was never intended to advocate directly and in a partisan spirit all the various reforms of the age. While we have a deep, undiminished, and ever-abiding interest in whatever tends to meliorate the condition of suffering humanity, without reference to national boundaries and the earthly distinctions of clime and color, we yet live and labor, and the TELEGRAPH has its existence for a particular purpose. That purpose no one need misapprehend, since it has been so frequently and emphatically declared. On the first page of every number of this journal the reader will find this plain announcement: "DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE." This was, moreover, fully expressed in the original prospectus, and the same idea has been kept constantly before readers and correspondents to the present time. Having thus covenanted with the public, and especially with our patrons, to furnish a weekly paper of a particular description, we should manifestly neglect our duty and grossly violate the obligations of the contract, were we to set up the business of riding every man's hobby, regardless of the principles and objects we have so distinctly avowed. Such fantastic notions of what is implied by freedom and required by an enlightened sense of duty, "J. C." is at liberty to entertain and we are free to reject. Let us say once for all, that in claiming to publish a free paper, we do not mean to signify that

The friends and foes among all races,
Of all reforms and all abuses,
Are now required to take our places,
Or turn us to their special uses.

There are some men who constantly oppose everything that they can not make directly subservient to their own ideas and purposes, and who are prone to value each succeeding event or newly discovered principle in proportion as it is likely to justify their peculiar views and claims, or can be used to signalize their labors and achievements. Every new discovery, from the latest planet or comet down to the last fossil beetle, must be straightway harnessed to their system or establishment, and render service when, and where, and how they may be pleased to direct. If the new truth and its friends will not succumb and peaceably work in some old harness, they are arraigned and condemned in the flippant, unscrupulous, and irritable manner which everywhere characterizes ignorance and prejudice. The truth and the disciple are alike sent to the same "Refuge of Oppression;" or they are complacently consigned to Satan for the purpose of being educated into subordination to the views and designs of their judges and executioners. Notwithstanding the superior light and opportunities of the present age, this weakness of human nature is still frequently and forcibly illustrated. We offer a few examples:

A man of distinguished abilities becomes a New-Churchman; he quotes from "Nature's Divine Revelations," and cites the current spiritual phenomena, just so far as they support the claims of Swedenborg; but when they diverge from the course of the great seer, he unceremoniously throws Mr. Davis and the Spirits overboard, and thus invalidates the testimony of his own witnesses. A distinguished socialist is waiting to learn what the Spiritualists propose to do toward the re-organization of society, before he can determine whether their facts and philosophy merit a careful examination. The associated daily Presses of this city will believe in Spirits, provided Spirits will act for them in the capacity of couriers and reporters; and the *Tribune* declares its readiness to give any medium one hundred dollars per week who will correctly make known the state of the English markets, in advance of the arrivals of foreign mail steamers, so that the conductors of that journal and other speculators may have an unrighteous advantage over the rest of mankind. Many sectarians must know how Spiritualism regards their favorite dogmas before they can decide how they regard Spiritualism. Learned clergymen entertain the opinion that it is an emanation from the great "refuge of lies," because it is liable to help them out in the wrong direction; while the correspondent of the *Liberator* thinks it belongs to the "refuge of oppression," because its innumerable facts, universal principles, and million of believers are not all directly tacked to the anti-slavery movement, or made auxiliary to the plans and labors of one "J. C.," of South Lingham, Massachusetts.

And such men aspire to be the guides of the world! They like to do very much as they please, and are especially anxious to have other people do likewise. They set up their contracted, arbitrary and ambitious assumptions, against the great laws of Nature and human nature; and then, if they do not say it, they at least seem to say, Attention, the whole solar system! It is time to enforce order in this department. If the heavenly bodies are in favor of freedom and disposed to preserve a fair reputation, they must henceforth resist their old blind attractions, and follow the intelligent directions of such philosophers as "J. C.!" Hereafter, let all the planets move in the same orbit, instead of running all over the ether fields, as heretofore; and let every new comet and nebulous formation follow the old ones, and take good care that they do not run off the track! If worlds have their centers, their orbits, and their attractions, so have minds; therefore, let both be subjected to the same law.

The man who denounces the things that he did not originate, or cannot comprehend; as many as will not have the truth unless it will bend to their arbitrary dicta, and *whosoever* is disposed to undervalue or reject the most significant facts and ideas for the reason that they are not directly and mainly employed to further some personal enterprise or fragmentary reform, with which their names and efforts are identified—have the essential elements of a selfish ambition in their own hearts. In their very bosoms they cherish the seeds which in greater minds are developed into towering despotisms that overshadow the world. Such men only want the power to command submission, and they would make their individual opinions the common law of the realm. Persons who answer this description, and all who resemble "J. C.," should be modest in their pretended devotion to freedom, until they have learned that there are many new ideas to be illustrated, many and various positions to be occupied, and numerous and distinct individualities among men; and that every one of the latter has a natural and inalienable right to seek his appropriate place, and to perform, after the manner of his choice, the work to which Nature has wisely adapted his faculties and inclinations.

In the exercise of our right, and following the law of our individuality, we have ventured to take our place, and shall be thankful if permitted to labor faithfully according to the best light we possess. Our friends and foes are equally at liberty to select their respective positions, and to work in their own way. We shall be the last to molest them. At the same time, if we ourselves are capable of doing any good, we can doubtless do it most effectually if allowed to take our own course. All that we ask is to be left alone; and if this very reasonable request be not com-

plied with, we may find it necessary to invite our assailants to another "sitting," and to such illustrations of the rappings as the specific nature and degree of our imperfect mediumship will enable us to furnish. We are indebted to the *Liberator's* correspondent for the occasion which has called forth this article; we have, however, not written for him alone, but for all who have an inordinate love of their own ways, and are slow to comprehend the position and objects of the TELEGRAPH.

A word, and we have done. Those who want to make a specialty of the Slavery Question, of Free Soil, Temperance, Woman's Rights, a Protective Tariff, or the Balance of Power, will find that there are appropriate channels for their thoughts, which they may occupy with the unqualified assurance that we shall interpose no objections. May they have a good time, and actually accomplish all that they should be glad to do for mankind.

PSYCHOMETRY IN THE CRUCIBLE.

REPORTED FOR THE TELEGRAPH.

On Wednesday evening of last week S. B. Brittan took occasion to subject the principles of Psychometry and the powers of Mrs. Jennie E. Kellogg to a severe trial before the meeting of the New York Conference at Stuyvesant Institute. He had previously made choice of five letters from as many correspondents, two of the letters being from ladies and three from gentlemen. Having inclosed the letters in new self-sealing envelopes, taken from the same package, so that no person could distinguish one from another, he sought a private interview with Mrs. K., and successively submitted four of them to an investigation by the psychometric process. The letters were not numbered, nor were there any external marks on the envelopes whereby the most acute observer could determine the authorship of any one of the letters. Mrs. Kellogg communicated her impressions orally, which Mr. Brittan reduced to writing. At the conclusion of each delineation Mrs. K. numbered the letter from which she had derived her impressions, while Mr. B. numbered the description of the unknown writer to correspond. So much of the experiment was performed during the day, but the envelopes were left sealed, with the view of first disclosing their contents and determining the authorship of the several letters in presence of the audience.

The Conference assembled at the usual hour, and after some brief remarks by other speakers, of which we have no notes, Mr. Brittan introduced the subject by some general observations respecting the nature of the psychometrical phenomena and the several hypotheses by which it has been proposed to explain them, which we have not the space to report. He then produced the four letters that had been used in the trial—they were still under seal—and informed the audience that the five he had originally selected were from Prof. Robert Hare, W. S. Courtney, J. H. Goldsmith, Miss Emma Frances Jay, and Miss B. —, of Philadelphia, a lady of cultivated mind and poetic genius, whose name he was not at liberty to announce. The speaker also observed that the audience had a general knowledge of Prof. Hare, Mr. Courtney, and Miss Jay. Respecting Mr. Goldsmith he would say that he is a lawyer by profession, and a man of vigorous and well-balanced mind; that he is progressive in his ideas; that he long since got out of the "theological traces," and is now a rational Spiritualist. With these preliminaries Mr. Brittan proceeded to read the following description, marked—

NUMBER ONE.

I have a feeling of high aspiration; I would look upward and reach forward. This person is not satisfied with present attainments, but is seeking after what lies beyond; is of a deliberative turn of mind; weighs everything; will not grasp bubbles that burst in his fingers; examines carefully; calls the witnesses and sums up the evidence. He proceeds slowly; but when once convinced, there is with him no shadow of turning.

This person does not appear to entertain small ideas; he has more than an ordinary brain; the intellectual faculties are active, and his judgment is remarkably sound. He does not appear to be a man of many words—uses just terms enough to express his thoughts. His mind takes a wide range; he would make a good philosopher. I find it hard to read him, his thoughts lie so deep.

This man has mind enough to enable him to put his heel on popular orthodoxy. He has not a steeply-shaped head; his church is all around. He does not believe in two sermons a day, and prayer-meeting in the evening; at the same time his organization clearly indicates that he is a just and generous man.

There is a strong light about this brain, and the mind is at times almost inspired. It is not an influence that will ever destroy or disturb his own balance. He is well informed on most subjects; the whole tendency of his mind and life is to elevation, and he wants to find the soul of all things.

Mr. Brittan said he would like to ascertain the judgment of the audience as to which of the persons named by him was best described in the preceding delineation. There appeared to be some differences of opinion, but a very large majority among the persons present decided, *viva voce*, that it must be the portrait of Mr. Goldsmith. Some one having called for the speaker's opinion, Mr. B. remarked that he had been personally acquainted with J. H. Goldsmith, Esq., for some eight years, and he would say that if the letter marked No. 1 did not prove to be from that gentleman, he should decide that this effort by Mrs. Kellogg was on the whole a failure. The seal of No. 1 was then broken by Dr. Hallowell, who informed the audience that the letter was dated at Southold, L. I., and was signed J. H. GOLDSMITH.

The speaker then read—

NUMBER TWO.

Delicate perceptions, good taste and fine sensibilities. This is neither so grave nor so uniform as the first character. This nature reveals some brilliant lights—some shadows. The mind is active, especially the faculty of ideality; the reasoning faculties are also strong, and appear to be frequently exercised. Has large powers of observation; sees everything, and has an intuitive perception and comprehension of character; believes in first impressions, and is influenced by them. The writer desires to keep up with the times; would like to look into all new things; is always expecting something new.

I am impressed that the writer has an accurate perception of time, and is a lover of music; the love of Nature and the admiration of all beautiful things are manifest. This person would utter exclamations of delight at every beautiful object, and would nowhere be better pleased than in some sequestered shade, where nature blooms in silence. The grandest objects and most diversified scenes in nature would not diminish the love of the simplest forms of beauty. This person appreciates in some degree the wisdom of the Supreme Author, and has a rational adoration. These faculties are so active that I feel a burning sensation in the organs. The sphere of this person pleases me, for I love any one who can see beauty in the smallest created thing. I feel that this peculiar person is a female. She could write in a poetic style, though she does not care much for the jingle of rhyme. The faculties are better suited to blank verse. There is nothing wanting to constitute this person a true poet—no lack of native brilliancy of thought or intensity of feeling. There is remarkable force in the mind and character, and nothing tame in speech or action. She would be likely to write rather vigorously, and is seldom in a very pensive mood. I never felt such an excitement in this portion of my brain, (placing the hand on the forehead). The curtain is raised, and all these faculties are up and playing their parts. The writer of this letter may be young, but the mind seems to be very much developed. She has ideas worthy of maturer years and a larger experience.

I am led to speak chiefly of this portion of the brain, because it is the most active. But this person was never organized for an old maid; and if she should be one, it will not be for want of having made Cupid's acquaintance.

She will not write so much from the love of approbation as from the love of the exercise, and from an exuberance of thought and feeling.

There is much spiritual power and light about this person, and she is most certainly a medium.

When the speaker had finished reading the above, two or three persons inferred, from what was said of the poetic element in the character, that the person described might be Miss B. —, of Philadelphia; but many voices, in all parts of the hall, declared that it must be Miss Jay. One gentleman of superior intelligence and discrimination, who is also personally well acquainted with Miss Jay, and capable of making a critical analysis of her mind and character, declared that he could not have given a more eloquent and forcible description of that lady, and that the same would not apply to any one else. Dr. Hallowell here broke the seal of No. 2, and informed the audience that the letter was dated in London, England, and signed EMMA F. JAY.

NUMBER THREE.

There is an edge to this person's character. If he takes up his pen, it tells; he is invariably to the point, and emphatic. The person is decidedly masculine, and has large propelling powers. If he feels good, he will not hesitate to swing his hat. Should this man take sides in an argument, he will stand his ground manfully during the conflict; but if on the wrong side, will in the end acknowledge it gracefully. He is always ready; does not travel in a stage coach; he wants the fast line, and will not take the last car in the train. There is a strong feeling of independence in this man; he has great firmness, and is a decided character. He has a faculty of arriving at results intuitively, and knows some things without knowing why. It is difficult to deceive him; he looks directly through the artifice. He would find the eggs in Senator Blizz's mysterious bag. He is not particularly fond of the marvelous, but is a keen observer of men and things.

This person has dark hair, and the temperament is nervous-bilious. You can not make a poet of this man; but he can philosophize well. This man's brain is all awake; he uses all the rooms in his house, and opens all the windows that the light may shine in from all quarters. He is strong in feeling and in thought, and has stuffed his head with a large bundle of information.

This man's skin appears rather coarse. He is a whole locomotive in himself, and is always fired up. There is a great disposition in this man to proceed, and he can always arrange his affairs so as to start in season.

The prevalent opinion seemed to be that the foregoing was a rather graphic description of the legal friend who resides at Pittsburg. On breaking the seal it was announced that the envelope contained a letter dated at that place, and signed W. S. COURTNEY.

NUMBER FOUR.

A quiet feeling, such as I experience at twilight, comes over me. There is nothing noisy in this character; it is not very talkative; thinks more, and has, in a silent, unobtrusive way, the ability to accomplish many desirable objects. The writer has been spiritually minded for some time, and is very sincere and truthful. What this individual writes will be free from obscurity; all is clear and plain. There is nothing abrupt or spasmodic here; but the essentials of this person's life and character are, yesterday, to-day, and all days. There are no sharp corners or angular points in this character; benevolence is large and active; the mind is quiet but strong, and the judgment uniformly reliable.

I have a delicate feminine feeling from holding this letter. The writer does not lack spirit, but she can be yielding and submissive. Her perceptions are clear, and the mind has been improved by systematic culture and earnest thought. She possesses fine taste, and exhibits much simplicity, ease and grace in manners, conversation and dress. But she would never dress in a manner or with a view to attract attention—would prefer to be admired for whatever adorns the mind, rather than for external ornaments and superficial graces.

This person can of course write well—not in the bold, dashing style which distinguishes the last character, but with a strong, quiet style. There is no want of deep feeling, though its ordinary manifestations are subdued. She could write a sweet ballad. Few have so much delicacy or such exquisite feeling.

The writer is young, and does not appear to be much over twenty; has rather a light complexion and a slender form. So much delicacy could not exist with a gross organization. She would prefer a rose to all the flowers in the garden. She admires simplicity in all things, and is refined and pure.

On breaking the seal of No. 4, it was found to contain a specimen of the handwriting of one of our fair contributors, to whom we acknowledge our obligations for the fine poem, entitled, "What is Life?" which graces our present issue.

After Mr. Brittan had resigned the platform, Mr. Partridge spoke briefly; he was glad that the subject of psychometry had been introduced to the notice of the Conference; he desired to ascertain the truth. The experiments just witnessed, were admitted to be remarkable—and the results were surprising; but his mind had not yielded to an unwavering conviction. He proceeded to instance some experiments of his own, the results of which were calculated to subvert the claims of psychometry, and other facts were believed to be irreconcilable with the ordinary theory on this subject. Mr. Partridge will hereafter make a statement of the experiments and results as developed in his own investigation, and perhaps embody in the same connection his objections to the psychometrical theory.

A scientific gentleman present expressed in a brief and forcible manner the high satisfaction which the experiments on that particular occasion had afforded him. He had been strongly inclined to discredit the claims of psychometry; but so far as he could judge, the experiments just witnessed were altogether fair, and the results were eminently convincing. The speaker insisted that at no time, when he had been present to witness the proceedings of the New York Conference, had any phase of the modern spiritual phenomena been subjected to so severe a trial, or had borne a trial so well. To his mind, the evidence afforded by these examples looked more like positive demonstration than any public exhibition he had witnessed here or elsewhere.

Our Foreign Letter.

THE letter from an English gentleman who resides in London, which will be found in another column, will reward a careful perusal. The writer is an intelligent and impartial observer, and is, moreover, widely known and distinguished as an author. His statements respecting the existing state of our cause on the other side of the water, are entitled to the reader's entire confidence. So far as they relate to the recent attempts to call the attention of the English public to the spiritual phenomena of this country, they only reveal what we expected and predicted from the beginning. With that most unspiritual subject, the Crimean war, as a central point of interest and topic of conversation, we never for one moment anticipated that the apathy of the common mind in that country, especially on all subjects of a philosophical and spiritual nature, would be likely to yield at once to the vital inspiration of a new, living and divine idea, which contains the seeds of an earth-wide revolution. Ancient authority, popular custom, and scientific materialism have reared their Sabastopol in the old world, and there they wait in dignified silence and masterly inactivity, but with a fearful looking for judgment; meanwhile, the spiritual allies from the earth and the heavens, clad in shining armor, are gathering for the great and final conflict.

Meeting of Reformers.

THE reader's attention is called to the announcement of a Mass Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress, which will be found on our last page. The information we have received seems to warrant the inference that the occasion will be one of unusual interest to all who are disposed to "go ahead." Fashionable people, who can not think, and do not like to be disturbed, are not expected to attend. For aught we know, it may be prudent for such folks to stay away; the presence of an original idea might be as fatal to their heads as new wine is to old bottles.

MINERAL WATERS OF ST. CATHARINES.

WHILE on our recent journey to Canada West, we chanced to meet with a distinguished literary acquaintance, who was on his way to St. Catharines. In the course of our interview, this gentleman gave us an interesting account of his late experience in the use of the waters from the Artesian well at that place. His right arm had been paralyzed so as to be useless for about one year, when he resolved to test the efficacy of that celebrated spring, for which early Indian tradition, and the testimony of recent travelers and invalids, have claimed surprising virtues. He commenced using the water internally, and as a bath for the palsied limb, and strange to say, in about seven days it was fully restored. We were previously informed of the fact that this gentleman's arm had been in a paralytic state, and we can testify that, on the occasion of the interview just referred to, he was able to use it with entire freedom.

We have since heard of other cases of a very different character, in which the same waters have been used with surprising success, and have at length resolved to test their virtues in our own case. As there is at present considerable inquiry in this direction, the following brief history of the spring, together with the accompanying analysis of the water, and disquisition on the medical properties of its constituents, may be of service to our readers. We copy from a circular:

ARTESIAN WELLS AT ST. CATHARINES, C. W.

Indian tradition gives credit to the waters of this spring for cures that seem almost miraculous. In past ages, it has been a favorite resort for the different tribes of Indians in the western part of New York and Canada, who visited it regularly for benefits to be derived from the medicinal qualities of the water. Indeed, tradition tells us that many of the distant tribes made pilgrimages to it semi-annually, and carried off large quantities of the water in vessels made of the hides of animals, for the use of their families; and even in our own times, the celebrated BRANT, chief of the "Six Nations," and many other notable chiefs, visited them every spring and fall to use the water for bathing, etc.

The proprietor of the land where the springs are located having become satisfied as to its medicinal qualities, from the number of cures performed in St. Catharines and its vicinity, by the use of the water, determined to bore down till a regular supply could be obtained, and for that purpose he had an Artesian well sunk to the depth of five hundred and fifty feet, where a vein of water was struck that surpasses any spring in the world for its extraordinary strength and quality, which the analysis of Dr. Croft, of Toronto, Canada, and Dr. Chilton, of New York, will show.

Some of the principal constituents of this water are iodine and bromine, the actions of which on the human body are already too well known to require more than a passing notice. Iodine was first employed as a remedy, in 1820, for the cure of goitre, by Dr. Coindet, of Geneva; it operates as a general excitant of the vital actions, but particularly of the absorbent and glandular systems, and is capable of acting as a diuretic, diaphoretic and emagogue; its tonic operation is evinced by its strengthening the digestive organs. Dr. Seguin, a French physician, praises its effects when given in ascites, or dropsy, connected with a diseased liver. In induration or enlargement of the liver, iodine forms the best resource for physicians; and Dr. Seigol mentions instances among his scrofulous patients, in which it cured obstructed and painful menstruation, and Dr. Mason performed cures by the use of iodine in white swelling, hip-joint disease, and distortion of the spine—diseases generally admitted to be incurable until this valuable agent was discovered. Bromine is an elementary body, possessing many analogies to chlorine and iodine; it was discovered in 1826, by Ballard, a chemist of Montpellier, in the bittern of sea salt, and since then it has come into general use as a remedy for bronchecle, scrofulous tumors and ulcers, anemorrhoids, chronic diseases of the skin, and hypertrophy of the ventricles.

The large quantities of chlorine which this valuable water contains, makes it decidedly the most important mineral water yet discovered, not only as a remedy for typhus and chronic affections of the liver, scrofula, and malignant sore throat, but as a gargle in putrid sore throat, a wash for ill-conditioned ulcers and cancerous sores, and as a local bath in diseases of the liver. A small quantity of this water, when added to a bath, will effectually remove tan, freckles, eruptions on the flesh, salt rheum, scurvy, and all pustular eruptions.

Sodium, another body which enters largely into the composition of this water, is one of the most valuable salts yet discovered, not only on account of the many combinations which it enters into, but the daily use which is made of it in culinary purposes. It is administered principally in diseases of the stomach, such as gout, uric acid, gravel and dyspepsia; it is also given in hooping-cough, scrofula, and bronchecle. It is also employed, internally and externally, in skin diseases, especially those of a papular and scaly character; a lotion suitable for this purpose may be made by adding one part of the mineral water to twelve parts of rain water, and the diseased parts rubbed twice a day.

Another most valuable ingredient is sulphuric acid, the beneficial qualities of which have been known to the medical faculty for a great number of years as a tonic, refrigerant, and astringent; it is given in low typhoid fever, and as a tonic in exciting the appetite and promoting digestion. As an astringent, it is employed in colicative sweats, passive hemorrhage, and diarrheas dependent on a relaxed state of the mucous membrane of the intestines. Externally it is used as an ingredient in gargles for ulcerated sore throat, and for checking excessive pyrexia, and a wash for cutaneous eruptions and ill-conditioned ulcers.

The waters from this spring are now being introduced into general use for the benefit of those who are suffering with dyspepsia, liver and kidney complaints, etc., etc.

ANALYSIS BY JAMES R. CHILTON, M. D.

I have analyzed a bottle of mineral water from St. Catharines, C. W., and find it to yield the following ingredients from one pint:
Chloride of Calcium (specific gravity at 60 degrees Fahrenheit, 1.0374)..... 555.40
Chloride of Magnesium..... 129.56
Chloride of Sodium..... 281.36
Proto-Chloride of Iron..... 13.75
Sulphate of Lime..... 16.32
Carbonates of Lime and Magnesia..... 2.69
Bromide of Magnesium..... a trace.
Sulphate of Magnesium..... 47
Silica and Alumina..... 506.15

St. Catharines presents decided attractions to those who are in pursuit of either health or pleasure. The town, which contains a population of some 6000 inhabitants, is said to be pleasantly situated, and surrounded by wild and beautiful scenery. The feeble invalid and the passionate admirer of Nature, who may be inclined to seek the quiet shades of St. Catharines, will find strength in the pure air, inspiration in the romantic scenery, and a healing spirit in the waters.

E. W. Stephenson, Esq., a gentleman of intelligence and taste, is the present proprietor of the spring and of the new public house which bears his name. Since the erection of the "Stephenson House," the largest and most splendid hotel in the British Provinces, and the bathing establishment connected with the same, the accommodations for visitors are all that the most fastidious taste or delicate constitution could require. The new hotel, which was only opened on the 13th of June, is now rapidly filling up with persons from all parts of the Union and the Provinces, as we perceive from the records of daily arrivals, published in the provincial journals. St. Catharines is destined to become conspicuous as a place of resort, not only for invalids, but for the fashionable world.

Science and Immortality—Prof. Hare's Book.

THIS most remarkable spiritual book of the season will be the new work by Prof. Robert Hare, wherein the learned author has made a faithful record of the curious experiments by which he has demonstrated the presence of an ultramundane power and intelligence, exhibited in the modern spiritual phenomena. The book is now in the hands of the stereotypers, and will be published in the course of September. It will contain original portraits on steel, together with diagrams of the apparatus used by the venerable *seant* in making his experiments.

Dr. Hare has also republished in pamphlet form his letter to the clergy, with the addenda subsequently elicited. The proprietors of this paper will be happy to receive orders for these publications.

THE BLIND SEE AND THE SICK ARE HEALED.

Medical Science at fault—Attempts to cure by carving—The blind treating the blind—Remarkable clairvoyance—Tracing the progress of Disease and the mal-practice of the Faculty—The Doctors routed—Mrs. Mettler opening the blind eyes—Flight of the King's Evil—Cholera cured in four hours—Gratitude of the Sufferers.

We are constantly hearing of wonderful cures effected through the direct instrumentality of Mrs. Mettler, or by the use of her valuable remedies, which may be obtained at this office. There are many poor victims of disease, whose restless days and sleepless nights are full of anxiety and pain, and for their sake, especially, we transfer to our columns the following additional proofs of her surprising skill and extensive usefulness, hoping that others, who have hitherto sought in vain, may at last find relief.

From the Hartford Times.

Mr. EBBON:—On the 15th of February, 1851, in consequence of contracting a severe cold, following intense application to business, a severe inflammation of the eyes supervened, generally termed ophthalmia. Residing in Dayton, Ohio, I procured the medical services of Dr. Wigan of that place, a physician of the homeopathic school, and continued under his treatment three months. Under his direction I was somewhat benefited, and was by him discharged as cured. I then made a trip to Massachusetts, to visit my friends before resuming my business (that of civil engineering). While in Boston a severe relapse took place, and a high state of inflammation supervened, to such an extent as to nearly deprive me of sight. I again resorted to the homeopathic practice, under the treatment of Drs. Wesselhaft, Sawyer and Gregg, of Boston, whose prescriptions I followed for three months, during which time my eyes continued to grow worse, and at the end of that period I was nearly blind.

At this date, by the advice of friends, I consulted Dr. Dix, of Boston, (allopathic), under whose treatment I continued fifteen months, he pursuing the usual routine of allopathic treatment in cases of this kind—blistering, cupping, scarifying, and active purgation, with colocyth and Croton oil. During the first six months, while under his treatment, I was somewhat relieved, the inflammation having partially subsided from the too long depletion to which I had been subjected, so that I was able to read some, but still laboring under great debility of those organs. Dr. Dix, considering that the inflammation had pretty much subsided, gave as his opinion that the weak condition of my eyes was owing to the long continued and active inflammation, the vessels becoming engorged so as not to be able to perform their wonted functions; and to remedy this he recommended the separation of the vessels—which separation is performed by dividing the conjunctiva, and with a pair of forceps drawing out the trunk of the vessels which cross the cornea, then dividing or severing them with a common surgeon's knife. This, the Doctor assured me, when two or three times performed, would entirely restore my sight. After much hesitation I at last submitted to the painful operation, and I now shudder to think of it.

Before the operation I was able to see tolerably clear, and read some. Ten days subsequent to the murderous process, inflammation again supervening. I was totally blind. The Doctor seeing the result of the first, declined a second operation. And under his continued promises, and my hope of relief, I continued under his treatment a period of nine months longer, without any alleviation, but if possible, aggravation of symptoms: at the end of which time I was coolly informed that so great a disorganization of the parts had taken place that, in his opinion, I should never be able to see again.

At this period, becoming completely disheartened, as well as disgusted with all medical practice, and hearing of the reported cures through the instrumentality of that "friend of humanity," John M. Spear, of Boston, I applied to him for relief. His examination of my case, purporting to be made under spiritual influence, gave apparently a very fair description of my condition as it then existed. I followed his prescriptions for about three months with considerable relief. At that period his engagements prevented his further attention to me; when by the advice of friends I resorted to the Botanic practice, under Dr. Dillingham, of Boston, whose prescriptions I followed for several months, without any lasting benefit. At that period, Dec. 1853, having, as I supposed, exhausted all remedial resources, and having entirely despaired of receiving any benefit from the existing systems of medical practice which I had thoroughly tested—but yet having a firm, unshaken faith that some remedial means would yet be found which would afford relief—I abandoned all treatment, waiting patiently for the door to be opened which would afford to me remedial aid. In June, 1854, by the kind advice and aid of A. J. Davis, I was induced to apply to Mrs. Mettler, of this city, who made an examination of my case, which to me was highly satisfactory—as she traced with a wonderful power and knowledge the history of my case from the commencement to the present time, with an accuracy and familiarity which to me was really astonishing—stating to me facts and circumstances which had occurred during my sickness, and which were only known to me; tracing the disease and causes, the main of which she stated was a scrofulous diathesis from the beginning.

She awakened in me a gleam of hope by assuring me that in my then deplorable condition, relief was probable, and a cure was possible. It is needless to say that her assurance caused me much joy, aided in no small degree by the wonderfully correct examination and description of my case. She further assured me that during my convalescence I would be subject to occasional relapses, from each of which I would recover and be in a better condition than when I entered it, which prediction has been singularly fulfilled. It is now one year since I commenced the use of the remedies and means which she prescribed, and as the result I find myself almost entirely restored to soundness of health and restoration of sight. I can therefore truly say that "whereas I was once blind, I now see." In grateful remembrance for the great benefit which I have received at her hand, I make this voluntary statement as due to her, as well as to direct the suffering to a trial of her remarkable skill in curing disease. Her examinations are wonderfully and surprisingly correct; and although a large majority of those who apply to her are in a situation similar to mine, having exhausted all the ordinary medical means, yet I am confident, even in those cases which seem apparently hopeless, her power and skill promise relief, and in many cases a perfect cure; and I further firmly believe the success which has attended her extensive practice, has not a parallel in the annals of humanity. In conclusion, I would say to all suffering sons and daughters of humanity, "go to her and do likewise."

HARTFORD, July 10, 1855. EPHRAIM B. POTTER.

TWO CASES OF SCROFULA CURED.

The following extract is from a letter, dated Oneida, N. Y., written by a merchant in that place:

The medicines are now fairly introduced, and I shall sell, the coming season, probably five times as much as last year. The medicines have given satisfaction, and the restorative Syrup has been highly beneficial in every case heard from. Two cases of scrofula have been entirely cured in our village, by the use of only two bottles. One of the cases was a severe one; a boy about eight years old had been afflicted for three or four years; and at the time he commenced using this syrup, five or six sores broke out on one of his limbs below the knee-joint, each of which was on the surface larger than a ten cent piece, and apparently reaching the bone. By using only one bottle he was entirely cured. He was in my store this morning, apparently as well as any boy in the village, and has been so for the last six months.

Very respectfully, ERASMUS STONE.

THE ELIXIR ON THE CHOLERA.

Among the numerous living demonstrations, of fellow-citizens restored to their families, the following is the most recent:

To Mr. JAMES McCLESTER: Dear Sir—I take this opportunity to express to you my gratitude for the timely aid from you, in sending me Mrs. Mettler's medicines, Cholera Elixir and Dysentery Cordial. I was taken at about half past eleven o'clock, a.m., 22d instant, with severe cramps of Cholera, and carried home. The medicine arrived immediately after me, and I commenced taking it. In a few minutes the cramps left me; I began to feel easy, and in four hours was entirely recovered, and the next day to work.

HARTFORD, July 24, 1855. HENRY COOPER.

DEPARTED THIS LIFE, June 28th, in Winchester, N. H., SARAH JANE FOLLETT, aged thirteen years, a daughter of Russel and Algona Follett. This is the second daughter whom our friends have consigned to the care of guardian spirits in a brighter and happier home. She had been lingering through the spring, her feeble condition apparently caused or aggravated by the action of arsenic, which had been taken some time previously as an antidote to humors. Suffering much in the latter part of her sickness, she is now free from the ills of earth, and enjoys the serene society of those departed friends whose presence around her she seemed to have a consciousness before she left the body. Her memory, as a most affectionate child, is dear, not only to parents, but to all who knew her. May the hope of re-union bear up the bereaved above all melancholy and grief induced by a sense of her loss.

Foreign Correspondence.

SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, July 11, 1855.

Dear Sir—Three months ago, when it was first announced that three mediums were on their way to London, it was expected by the friends of Spiritualism here that there would be a renewal of the old excitement created by the visit of Mrs. Hayden in 1852. But we have been sadly disappointed. Mrs. Hayden has come once more and returned to the States, without being noticed by the Press. Mr. Hume has been here for three months, and the great vehicle of public instruction is equally silent respecting him. But then it was his expressed wish that his name should not be mentioned in print; and, so far as my observation goes, his wish is gratified, for I have never yet seen his name in any English book, pamphlet, or periodical. Emma Jay is still among us; but except among a few private friends, who highly appreciate her many excellent qualities, independent of her mediumship, the English may be said to be ignorant of her presence in London.

Two attempts have been made to collect a public audience to hear her; but they have both failed. It is possible that not sufficient money was spent in announcing her discourses. But money can not be spent unless it is subscribed. About £13 were spent upon two public appearances, and only £7 13s. 6d. returned. The loss is but a trifle; the public indifference is not. The second meeting satisfied all present that it was not expedient that any other attempt should be made. The audience was captious and fretful, but not rude. There was a dissatisfaction evinced, arising chiefly from an ignorance of the spiritual phenomena. Some appeared to have come expecting to see what they called tangible demonstrations. One wanted to know the name of the Spirit that spoke through her; another wanted to consult a Spirit through her; and thus through the childish curiosity of well-disposed persons, unacquainted with the movement, a scene of gentle confusion arose which disturbed the proceedings. The speaking mediums are not adapted for the beginning of the movement, unless they come in more argumentative style, and with more matter-of-fact illustration than can be expected from them. The matter-of-fact argumentative oratory belongs to our own logical humanity, and therefore is not becoming a disembodied Spirit; and to my mind it would appear less genuine inspiration than the style in which Emma addresses us. But then I am previously convinced of the genuineness of the spiritual movement by other means—not by Miss Jay's oratory. And were I not convinced by other means, I believe I should just as be satisfied of her audience acted, by expressing my doubts. I therefore do not blame them. Indeed I expected or feared a greater confusion, as the result of an attempt to introduce a novel question to the public with so little demonstrative evidence.

Miss Jay speaks well: all admire her fluency, calm self-possession and power of expression, and her graceful delivery. She is sometimes richly eloquent; but she is not argumentative. She breaks down in argument—that is, she falls into her more natural style of declamation and metaphor before she has brought the argument to its close. It seems to melt in her mouth. It never has full utterance; and thus a doubt is left respecting its tendency and sometimes even respecting its meaning. Her words are suggestive; they are often poetically beautiful, but they are seldom definite. But men very naturally want the definite in a new doctrine, and can not be satisfied without it. Hence the struggle that all revelations have had with the men of the age in which they came; for they are indefinite by nature, and to this day their indefiniteness is the cause of the sectarianism to which they gave birth.

It is of no use to blame the English. All men are alike. Consider that we have no mediums of any value accessible to the public. Consider that we have only had one American rapping medium for all England, and then say what the United States would have done with no more. Consider, also, that your political press is nearly as dumb as our own upon the subject, surrounded though it is by mediums innumerable, and then you will not wonder that so little is said in England about it, but rather so much. There is no unwillingness to inquire here, but there is a want of means. I know several persons in England, anxious for a *séance* with Mr. Hume, who have written to him on purpose, and have not even received an answer to their letters. Mr. Hume is in bad health, and may by those who know him be excused. But when those who do not know him are thus defeated in their attempts to investigate, they can not be blamed for not investigating. One of our most distinguished poets wrote to me a few weeks ago for Mr. Hume's address. I gave it him, but told him at the same time that perhaps an answer would not be received to a letter addressed to him. I have always found Mr. Hume civil to myself, and I do not mention these facts to his disparagement, but in justification of the people. For if it is so very difficult for those who are willing to pay for small private *séances* to procure them, how much more difficult must it be for the public at large! Indeed it is an impossibility. The mediums are not sent to the public at all, but to the favored few. What wonder, then, that the public are unprepared for speaking mediumship, when they have not gone through the preparatory school of the physical demonstrations?

Moreover, there is a sunnier side of the subject to look at. Amid the clouds there is hope; and I for one am not an admirer of sunshine without clouds. No Egyptian climate for me—no perpetual tyranny, even from the sun. A cloudless sky is itself an Egypt; a sunless sky is perhaps no worse; a little of the blue is always refreshing amid the gloom; and we have it. A few are gratified, astonished and convinced by Mr. Hume's demonstrations. Some of these are distinguished men. Some are astonished without expressing conviction; and some say it is astonishing; but that it is absurd to suppose it is done by Spirits. They think they will find it out. Some have got a new phrase, which they think throws light on the subject. They talk of a "projection of the will," and seem to think that this will explain everything. I prefer Aladdin's Lamp; and the suspicion is that Hume has got an old lamp that he rubs. Sir Edward Bulwer thinks the Spirits are fairies. I have no objection to this idea to begin with. It is spiritual, and admits of individual intelligence. He does not see enough of intelligence to admit the humanity of the Spirits. He is looking for classical taste and the unities, I suspect. He will not find them. The sibilys are better types of spiritual mediums than poets are. The leaves are still *membra disiecta* (scattered members), and ever will be till the gatherer comes, for "He that scattereth Israel will gather him and lead him as a shepherd doth his flock."

What Lord Brougham thinks I have no means of knowing. Probably he keeps his thoughts to himself. In his elevated position it is prudent sometimes so to do. Sir David Brewster and he together had a *séance* with Mr. Hume, and Sir David had several. These men are therefore willing to probe the matter. They can not be accused of indifference. Whether Sir David expected to find a confirmation of his old hypothesis of delusion or imposture, as expressed in the *North British Review*, I cannot say, but it is natural to suppose that he wished it. A man who has committed himself to an opinion, like Mr. Paston with his atheism, likes to see it verified. If he is confirmed in his old views, we shall have more on the subject. If not, we must wait till we see what he will do. But it matters not what great men think of such a subject. They are not the natural patrons of new revelations. They rise to distinction rather by following the times than preceding them. The men for posterity are not the men for to-day. The great men of the day are mortal, and soon forgotten, except in so far as they do pre-empt and defy their age. What is of to-day in them shrouds and buries also in due time. What is of to-morrow is the immortality which they covet. But few have courage to go beyond to-day even when they think beyond it. And men of no repute attain to that immortality which men of repute have not the courage to appropriate. I think there can be little doubt that the present movement toward Spiritualism will illustrate those who encourage it rather than those who do not. Even on philosophical principles, it is a movement required by the times, in the natural course of things, and as intelligible as the return of a planet or a comet in its orbit when it has reached its apheion. History explains the necessity for it, and it will very soon throw light upon history. It will do more than Newton or Copernicus, or any of the physical philosophers ever did, for they labored only in the region of death, and left their disciples in the cheerless gloom of a faith without hope and a religion without a soul. But this gives hope to faith and a soul to religion, and is as high above science extracted from earth, as the sunshine itself is above the earth-born clouds that intercept it.

I have no fear of it. But it must undergo many changes. It is like the path of the just, that shineth more and more as the day advances. It is encumbered with much rubbish at present, and tender feet can not enjoy even the richest scenery when they walk upon stones. The way must be made clearer for the feeble and the irresolute. The navies must go out first and make the line; after that the public will travel freely. All this accords with the law of order. And much of that rubbish is real moral evil. There is evidently much division of opinion among Spiritualists. Israel is scattered, Judah is dispersed, and the tribes and families are even at war with each other. There is rivalry among mediums. They do not act collectively; they do not support one another and join forces. In my simplicity and ignorance, when I heard of three mediums coming to London I expected a compound

force. I have been sadly disappointed. One evening I saw all the three together, and that was the first and I believe the only evening that they met. Next day they separated, and I heard of their quarrels. Into the dispute I do not enter. I only look at the fact of division. What is this but the old man not yet put off? It is but the old coat of many colors with a new patch upon it. What benefit can any soul receive by accepting a faith so little efficient in stilling or controlling the strife arising from rivalry in trade or profession? I see repeatedly an advertisement in a spiritual paper, in which the advertiser says he is the most reliable medium in Boston, or the best trance medium for examination of diseases. This is throwing stones at other mediums. If true, delicacy forbids the advertiser himself to tell it; and if not true, truth itself forbids him. I think it would be well for spiritual editors to discourage this assumption. Let the public discover the best for themselves. Such foibles do harm to a cause; and as a proof of this, a very silly article in Dickens's *Household Words* against Spiritualism, collected all its artillery from the advertising columns of the Spiritual papers. It of course overlooked the amiable features of these advertisements, in which the advertiser says he will return the money in case of failure, or will charge nothing from the poor, or nothing from any one, but accept a gratuity, etc. But it is the object of an enemy not to reason, but to wound and destroy, and therefore he seeks only the feeble side of the cause that he attacks, and avoids the strong. He is easily detected. A one-sided man is always an enemy, and an enemy is always a one-sided man. In an age like this there are few reasoners, age of boasted reason though it be.

I look for a gathering or Triton among the minnows. Even the Spirits themselves are loose; they want a chief. They want another judgment. If the one that Swedenborg says took place in 1757 in the spiritual world was a reality, it was not a finality; it was but a shadow. The sectarianism of Spirits is as great as that of men, and their judgment as indefinite. In so far as they merely show themselves, they have done great service, inspired much hope, and administered much comfort; but nothing toward a communion of minds has been done—nothing to bring the sectarianism of ages to a crisis. I believe the sectarianism of Spiritualism to be milder in its form than the old sectarianism. It is sectarianism translated into a higher meaning. But I can not yet see the Church in its churches, and the veil is evidently deliberately used in all its revelations. "Harris's Poems," rich though they be, are as dark as the Apocalypse. Linton's "Healing of the Nations," pretty though it is, can not carry conviction. Edmonds and Dexter's "Spiritualism," worthy as it is of a most conspicuous place in the Literature of Revelation—though much more definite than the other two books—still impresses the mind with a strong belief or suspicion that the visions are pictorial, representative and symbolical—not actual visits to the spiritual world; and that the administering Spirits are mystifying Spirits, veiled vestals, the Priestesses of Isis, whose face was ever covered. There is one veil rent; but there is another to be rent. We have not yet entered the inner court. There are actual Spirits; but they are evidently mystifying us, though instructing us at the same time—chiefly, however, by exciting us to think. Probably this is the legitimate object of all revelation. The definite sphere of thought is our own proper incarnate humanity.

I believe in the coming of Messiah. In this respect I am as much a Jew as any old clo-man; but perhaps in no other respect are the Jew and I alike. It matters not. We are not required to be accurate in our prevision. It is enough that we believe and hope that unity is the ultimate; and a personal unity, as a nucleus for collective unity, is the most simple and natural belief. Another Moses is wanted; for we are all in Egypt, and we want a law for definite organization of society and for moral guidance. Such a law can not easily come to us by popular legislation; but if it does come to us by such means, I am willing to accept it. How the unanimity is to come, however, without a personal advent of some sort, I can not understand; and that personal advent is merely a medium of a higher order than any we have yet had—one who will do greater works than Christ did. "He that believeth in me, greater works than these shall he do, because I go to the Father." There is a greater medium than Christ, and he is the Messiah. Christ is the Father. He has told us this often; and he "goes to the Father"—that is, becomes the Father that the Son may appear. That Son is the son of man and woman naturally, and the son of Christ by regeneration. It seems all very plain. And that son of Christ is the prophet like unto Moses. Christ was not, for he scattered Israel instead of gathering him; and Christendom is a great field of sectarian scattering, awaiting the gatherer. The Spirits themselves await the gatherer, and are evidently, in their present ungeneralized and undisciplined state, inefficient reformers. When he comes, they will obey him as the elements obeyed Christ, and all things will work together coordinately to a definite result. Such are my hopes and prospects; but I should be sorry to insist upon them, since I have been so often mistaken upon smaller matters. We should all encourage an open mind that is ready to receive the good and the true in the form in which they are sent to us by Providence, instead of dictating to him what he ought to send, and refusing to accept what he sends.

INTERESTING FACTS AND INCIDENTS.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN: Gentlemen—Speaking of mediums, Miss Sarah J. Irish, during her stay in our city, exhibited a variety of spiritual phenomena, marvelous, rare and useful. In several hundred cases, the communications, with attendant circumstances given through her, were so overpowering as to completely banish skepticism from the minds of those to whom they were addressed.

Through this lady the Spirits gave us our first "writing without visible agency." She is a clairvoyant of no ordinary character, generally independent, or if needing magnetic aid, a hand upon the forehead suffices in about five seconds, to send her rejoicing among her Spirit-friends.

On one occasion, Miss Irish tried the experiment of producing the rappings herself, while in the trance; and much to the astonishment of at least three witnesses, she completely succeeded, rapping distinctly upon the table, while her person—dead to things mundane—was several feet from, and her back towards the same.

Many of our citizens had much to thank the Spirits for while she was here; I am acquainted with eight or nine who were relieved from diseases of a severe character through her mediumship, and at least two of us can testify that timely warning through her saved us in more than one instance from serious pecuniary loss.

Her conversation and general intercourse with the Spirit-world seem wholly unembarrassed. When unhappy here, she goes off to the invisibles, as a school-girl to her companions in amusement.

When the celebrated Italian refugee, Achilli, was here, this medium wholly established his faith in Spiritualism by describing two of his friends (executed for political offenses), and enabling him to converse with them, answering in English the questions he propounded in Italian. She had never seen nor heard of this gentleman before, and certainly was only able to describe the departed patriots by seeing them in the second sphere. She once asked me if I had a brother N— near California. Seizing the opportunity for a test, I at once answered no. A few minutes after, she was entranced; and I, with several others, heard her conversing in an undertone with what seemed to be my Spirit-brother, James (who died in 1826), telling him that I denied having a brother N—, and soon returning to the normal state, she said, "James tells me that N— is his brother, and must therefore be yours also," as he had told her before; of course I "caved," for she added to this an accurate description of his (N's) person; and while she was thus describing him, he was on the Pacific coast, near California. But two persons in this city (and they never saw Miss Irish) knew that I had a brother by this name.

I remember an occurrence that must tickle "Sam," should he hear of it. She had threatened to visit our [Sam's] Council, and get the pass-words. Several of us were about leaving her rooms to attend the same. When it closed we again called on her and found her entranced; but suddenly opening her eyes, she cried out, "I have it—I have it; God protect Mr. Bangs! God protect Mr. Bangs!"

Soon after Miss Irish came to St. Louis. I requested her to try the experiment of visibly manifesting herself to me while in the trance—to get a Spirit to accompany her to my room (several blocks from hers), and if possible awaken me. She assented, and to guard against the possibility of deception, I resolved that if she succeeded in awakening me, I would make a motion with my hand, which she should describe to me next day, to convince me that she saw me, and that my seeing her was not only in imagination. The time fixed for the experiment was next midnight; and the result was, that in the company of her Spirit-uncle, L—, leaving her body cold and rigid in her room, she entered mine, woke me suddenly from a profound sleep, and caused me to turn over and look up into her eyes, which I saw quite distinctly; and next day, to convince me that I had not been dreaming only, nor cheated by imagination, she described the peculiar motion I had made with my hand when I recognized her. I will state, that while I saw only the faintest possible outlines of her head and face, her eyes, which are very large and expressive, were clearly visible.

Respectfully, w.

St. Louis, Mo., July 18, 1855.

Original Communications.

WHAT IS LIFE?

Ox a lone rock of the ocean,
Where the harps of Nature thrill
With the deepest soul emotion,
And her voice is never still,
Sad and fearful, feeling sorrow,
Waiting for the coming morrow,
Sat I then, and inly questioned—
Questioned of the waves and stars—
What is life?

What is life?—a voice repeated,
And the waves took up the sound;
When the heavy surge retreated,
Passed the solemn chorus round,
Till, from many a plume beaming,
Through the purple cloud-rifts gleaming,
Came a sound, a sob or sighing,
That unto the waves kept crying—
What is life?

What is life?—through night's dominion,
Through the star-streets of the sky
Fled a bird with raven pinion,
Bearing on the mournful cry,
Then I stilled my heart, and listened,
Hoping while the dew still glistened
In the star-light's silver ray,
Soon to hear the wanderer bringing
Pleasant answer in his singing,
To my spirit's deepest lay—
What is life?

But, with slow and stately marches,
Passed the night-queen to her rest;
Then along the dusky arches
Came the bird with panting breast;
Joy was not amid his singing,
Pleasure came not with his winging;
For the only note he uttered,
Was the echo, faintly muttered—
What is life?

Ah! I said, has night no voices,
But the echoes of my lay;
Let me turn where earth rejoices
At the footprints of the day;
She hath myriad voices swelling,
Sounding through her ancient dwelling;
She in solemn tones shall tell me
What the mystery'shrouded within me—
What is life?

Morn came laughing o'er the mountains,
Putting up her golden bars,
And the light which kissed the fountains
Shut the cyclids of the stars;
Then I thought to ease my sadness,
Putting on the light of gladness;
But just then the mournful quiver
Of a voice which made me shiver,
Hoarse and hollow, whispered near me—
What is life?

Then a dark abyss, wide yawning,
Like the gloomy gulf of care,
Without sigh or sound of warning,
Opened to my vision there;
And I saw before me reeling,
Tortured, lashed with murderous feeling,
Beings on whose brows were graven,
Fiery marks of fiend or craven;
And their only cry was gold—
Ha! more gold!

Fed with mortal pains and anguish,
Gorged with human tears and sighs,
Clothed in flames that never languish,
Lo! I saw great Mammon rise,
Like a giant old and hoary,
Chanting still his ancient story,
Pointing to a shining palace,
Holding high the promised chalice,
While the tempting ore was ringing,
To his slaves I heard him singing—
Gold! more gold!

Long and loud, on echo's pinions,
Wandered on the cry of gold,
Till by fortune's pampered minions,
Human rights were bought and sold;
With a hideous worship, stealing
From their hearts each generous feeling,
Low before his gilded altar,
Breathing vows which never falter,
Checking every holy passion,
Kneel the blinded slaves of fashion,
Bought with gold.

Sordid souls, I cried, recoiling,
While my heart felt pity's thrills,
Will the wealth for which ye're toiling,
Guide you to the heavenly hills?
Heard ye o'er the pleasant singing
Of that fount forever springing,
In whose softly-flowing numbers
Life's undying music numbers?
Saw ye e'er a distant gleaming
Of that star whose silver beaming,
O'er the dusky brow of Vesper,
Trembles like the light of Hesper,
While from sphere to sphere of glory,
Sing the stars their ancient story,
Of a fountain filled with bliss—
Of a happier clime than this?

Can ye tell me, restless mortals,
When my steps shall find its portals?
Oh, then, to my heart give answer—
What is life?

Not a word to me they uttered,
All their hearts seemed dead and cold,
While the fiend beside them muttered
In their ears the song of gold;
Cloud-like then the scene departed,
Darker shades o'erhung the skies,
And on every gale that started
Came the sound of human sighs.
Then I looked, and lo! Oppression,
Followed by a long procession,
O'er a pantomimic stage,
Wander'd on from age to age;
In her train walked crime and sadness,
Wasting grief, and care and madness,
And where'er her darts were sent,
These with woe and darkness went.
Oh! the sorrow, oh! the anguish
Of the millions here who languish,
Feeling scarce one ray of heaven
To their longing spirits given.
Hark, my soul, and hear them sighing;
See them struggling, toiling, dying,
Daily wasting heart and brain,
All to ease their "hunger pain!"

Is this life? I faintly muttered.
No! my inmost soul replied.
And a sweet response was uttered,
By an angel at my side:
Softly o'er my senses stealing
Came the sound, this truth revealing,
And the restless chimes of ocean
Thrilled as with a new emotion,
While like dreams, when childhood slumbers,
To me came these mystic numbers:

When the air is chill and cold,
When the frost lies on the mould,
How can summer flowers unfold?
When a dark and cheerless doom
Sables o'er the spirit-room,
Hanging all its walls in gloom,
How can life immortal bloom?
Life hath loveliness and beauty;
Pleasure should be wed to duty;
Gladness in the heart should dwell,
As music in the ocean shell;
And peace and joy and hope fill up,
With rounded bliss, life's curious cup.
Life in heaven is love and wisdom;
Harmony reigns in the angel kingdom;
From the highest star in the Father's crown,
Through infinite circles winding down,
To the nearest planet, whose sapphire blaze
Looks through your atmosphere of haze,
Coming and going in ceaseless waves,
Wanders the sound of its full octaves;
And the richest chord and the sweetest strain
Of angel music, is love's refrain.
Mortals of earth, as ye hope to win
A draft from that fountain which flows within—
As ye hope on your viewless wings to rise
Through the starry realms of the upper skies,
You must leave your worship of senseless dross,
And the constant counting of gain or loss,
To the daily doing of kindly deeds,
And strive, ere ye pass to the Spirit-shore,
To learn one lesson of love's sweet lore;
For the nearest to God and to heaven's pure hills,
Are the souls who have triumphed o'er earthly ills—
They who have borne through the world's dull mart
The hero-gifts of a Christ-like heart,
Toiling and hoping, yet loving all;
Over such do the life-lights fall,
Holy and pure as the first fair ray
Which gleamed on the path of an Eden-day,
While calmly onward, o'er seas of strife,
Their trail barks wander—this, this is life!

PHILADELPHIA.

FAITH.

From the importance given to the attribute of Faith in the writings of the evangelists, it may well be assumed as the theme most worthy of the severe study of the Christian. We can think of no better mode of presenting the subject at present than of considering the state of a man whom we would call Christian, for the purpose of defining, if possible, the reality of faith.

The moral thinker is distinguished from most others, by the investigation of emotions. Let us suppose a man, Veritas by name, most conscientious, strictly reviewing the tendencies of his thought, accusing himself even of the evil in his dreams, so careful is he in the natural state that all idea of following that which is unlovely should give place to the emotions of good.

Veritas sympathizes with the aspirations of his fellow man, relieves to the extent of his ability distress, and grieves for an accidental injustice. The words of Veritas are truthful, his emotions kind, and his dealings just. He prays for wisdom and understanding, confident that the love of God is freely given, and needs but the receptive state of his own spirit. Single pre-emptory grieves his thought; he asks not special benediction, and would freely give from his life all that he receives. He has learned of prophets, judgment and redemption from the Sacred Record—a volume distinguished in his later years by earnestness of study, and hallowed perhaps by the memories of gentle teachings, suggested by its narrative, at his mother's knee. No word sentimentality ventures into his healthful activity of mind or vigorous morality of life, so he considers the Bible not an arena for disputation, but a mine where precious metals await his industry to become in their purity the common property of man.

Tell me, ye who have loved to think upon these things, is it the extent of this man's credulity which measures his faith? Is it the observation of the foretelling by prophecy of the misfortunes of the Jewish nation, or the blessing of an unheeded Christ dispensed to them; or the recognition of the law of atonement by the sacrifice of blood for the sins of the flesh, reconciling him to the murder of a Saviour; who had himself discountenanced the sacrifice of rams, to be a like atonement for the sins of all mankind? Is it the completeness with which he receives the recounted miracles as true? If the faith is to be measured by the acceptance of these tenets, where shall he find peace if his mind does not admit the history to be all true? Has this man the attribute of faith?

We have asked this question of those who love to meditate on the true relation of man to God; we have asked it also of ourselves, and we answer thus: The man who recognizes in himself the dominion of the good, has faith. He has the evidence of a higher love than his own—a higher morality than he pursues. In his mind he recognizes a loftier thought than he has perfected. In the teachings of Jesus, he believes a truer life than his own; in nature, he recognizes a mighty power. He knows that the love of good brings peace, as he continues his living worship. Then we affirm that this evidence within himself of the goodness of that which he worships and follows, is his faith.

It is that attribute of the Spirit whereby it becomes confident of the truth of that which is conceived in the mind as good. Thus faith in God would be a confidence in the natural reflection of a mind upon the evidence presented of a God. Faith in Christ, a confidence based upon the perception of his harmonic nature, being medial from the soul to Omnipotence; and as this perception is increased by evidence of reason and phenomena, so is that faith strengthened.

Faith of this kind is sure to become manifest in works. St. Paul's definition is thus of great weight, as it is the evidence afforded by our own nature of the truth—a state of feeling which strengthens the mind instead of enfeebling it, and which is the true evidence of things not seen; and by being continually productive, is in a less degree that which we hope to attain as the wisdom of the knowledge of good and evil, making the veritable substance of that for which we hope. Is not this idea correct? We would gladly welcome any correction of these thoughts by an abler hand.

THE CAUSE IN LOCKPORT.

LOCKPORT, July 16, 1855.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN: I think the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH is doing much good for the cause in this place. There are many that look at it and wonder. The cause is flourishing among us. Healing mediums are becoming renowned. Mr. G. C. Eaton, especially, is considered as a very remarkable healing medium. Mr. Atwood, Mr. Huzy, Mr. Bruce, and several other gentlemen, and several ladies of much respectability, are also operating in the healing department with much success. The healing mediums are convincing more skeptics, I think, than even the test mediums, though they act their part well when circumstances admit of a good passive circle. Evenings are so short at present that circles are not as frequent as they probably will be some months hence.

Yours, etc., SETH WHITMORE.

The central power of the moving body must be seen in affinity with that which moves it. This affinity can never be overcome. The earth's center is in affinity with the sun's center; yet the earth's darkened surface repels the sun's light, thus begetting a motion which the sun hath not, and could only have by reversing their positions.

Interesting Miscellany.

THE CITIES OF EGYPT.

BY O. G. WARREN.

GREAT deeds survive the flood of time;
Upon the storied banks of Nile,
Still tower the pyramids sublime,
And at the shock of ages smile!
Still stand the sphinx and sacred pile,
O'er which the goats and foxes cille;
And stretching onward many a mile,
As fresh as in their native prime,
The mighty blocks that were the pride
Of earth ere Rehoboth died.

Dendera—Karnak—what your state
Of pride four thousand years ago!
Ye yield not yet to time or fate,
Nor dark annihilation know,
Though on your brow Time dares to throw
The desert's sand—ye yet wait
Ten thousand times Nile's overthrow,
Yourselves intact, inviolate.
Ye feel the hand of time, yet bide
The shock with undiminished pride.

So stand the works the most revered—
The domes that intellect has wrought—
What Moses, Homer, Shakespeare reared,
The crumbling waste of time feels not.
Nor less beside immortal thought,
Have Freedom's glorious fields appeared—
A truth declared, a battle fought,
Or quelled a tyrant cursed and feared.
Great Brutus' net still towers sublime
Amid the proudest works of time.

Thermopylae and Bunker Hill,
Like time-built mountains o'er us loom;
Proud Buena Vista's battle still
Shall live beyond earth's final doom!
Immortal art defies the tomb,
And science mocks the power to kill.
The good and true will live and bloom
With every great and glorious will,
And Washington no more is hid
Than Egypt's proudest pyramid.

NEW YORK, 1855.

SUPPRESSION OF MONASTERIES IN SPAIN.—In the second number of this paper, we give extracts from the letter of a correspondent of the *New York Observer*, in relation to the present religious state of Spain, and the progress of toleration in that country. We now have to record a decisive vote in the national legislature for abolishing the monasteries of the country, by which property to the amount of more than \$120,000,000 will be put at public sale, and the proceeds revert to the State—the whole payment to be made in fifteen different instalments in fourteen years. The proceeds of this act of legislation will extinguish more than one-half of the public debt of Spain, which, according to Mr. McCulloch, amounts to about seven hundred and twenty millions of dollars. The following remarks upon the subject are from the *Boston Evening Traveller*.

Catholic Spain is on the eve of an ecclesiastical revolution, similar to that in England in the reign of Henry the Eighth; and a heavy indirect blow, of which it would be impossible to estimate the consequence, is about to be struck at the Papal power. There, as in England, the Church has enriched herself with "temporalities," and holds in her hands such a large portion of the soil as to have denuded all social progress and enterprise. The law for suppressing the monasteries, after of course the most formidable opposition, passed by the triumphant majority of 168 to 44, and the Queen has been obliged, unwillingly, to give her assent. The law is expected to operate favorably on the general development of agriculture and commerce in Spain; indeed it cannot be otherwise, unless, as there is too much reason to fear, from the corruptness of the administration, the sale of this immense national property be not directed by wise measures of economy and honesty. The proceeds of these sales are to cover the deficit of the budget of the State; fifty per cent. of the future instalments to be invested in the amortization of the public debt, and fifty per cent. to be spent in works and undertakings of public utility, and thirty millions of reals to be appropriated to repairs and construction of churches and public edifices. —*New Jerusalem Messenger*.

* **DREAMINGS.**—Some one hath said, "we are dreamers all;" and there is truth in the remark. The ears of our young life are filled with whisperings of flowery fables a little beyond us; when, though we know it not, those paths of childhood are strewn with flowers a thousand times finer and fresher than any in life which lie beyond—then we let the mind run rampant as it will; though simple and childlike in its wanderings—waving bright webs of life, all strangely beautiful—building in sweet sunny landscapes, gorgeous places, with proud swelling domes and glittering minarets, and stately columns—or painting the quiet beauty of an humble life, where with the companionship of an ideal one, if there be shadows, they are such as only make the sunshine the more beautiful; and clothing all around with purity and hope and happiness, such as earth seldom affords. And these promising voices do not always leave our ears, even when we have entered a good way upon sterner life's esplanades—even into middle age, and oftentimes, when the few hairs are of the color of the shroud, we have almost reached the flowery fields; and we are sure we shall yet call the flowers. Poor, silly, earth-dreamer; there are indeed sweet fields of floral beauty in the distance; but they are beyond the dark flood. Be happy as you can, with the few flowers now scattered around you—and a pure eye will discover many—and live ever mindful of the better world, and there your dreams shall be realized.—*Exchange*.

* **A DOG'S AFFECTION FOR HIS MASTER.**—Mr. O. M. Hopkins, late of Scotland, who died in January last, had a small and sprightly terrier, named "Nig," of which he was very fond. After the death of his master, Nig grew melancholy. Nothing the family could do seemed to amuse him. He could not be enticed from the side of his mistress, but would follow her about everywhere, grave and sedate, as though actually thinking of his dead master. One day a closet containing his master's clothing was opened. No sooner did Nig discover the garments, than he frisked about almost frantically with delight, evidently expecting his master to appear. When the poor animal discovered his error, he testified his disappointment by piteous and mournful howlings.

In May last, poor Nig grew more melancholy than ever. All attempts to induce him to leave the house were unavailing, until one day his mistress went to visit the grave of her husband. Then he followed, and on arriving at the mound commenced digging and moaning, testifying his grief in the most affecting manner. From that time he could not be enticed to leave the grave, but stayed day and night till he starved to death. He was found there, stretched on the earth cold and stiff.

This is an affecting but beautiful story; the man who can read it without a tear in the corner of his eye is not to be envied.—*Dansville Herald*.

THE MOCKING BIRD.—It is doubted by many that the mocking bird will imitate the sounds of instruments in playing tunes, or the whistling of a man. The other evening we had most convincing proof of the ability of these wonderful birds in this regard. A negro boy was going along the street, whistling a well known Ethiopian melody, and when he paused, a mocking bird, confined in a cage near by, as if conscious to surpass his sable rival, burst forth with the same tune, and whistled it with the finest taste and execution, throwing in besides, little operative quavers and trills with admirable effect. It was certainly the most brilliant musical performance in the whistling line we have ever heard, and the tones were an exact imitation of those of the human animal. At the conclusion of the air, the bird whistled up the dogs, cackled like a hen, cawed like a crow, etc., and when we pecked up our poor blower, and ran up and down the gamut, the *rara avis* quite made us ashamed of ourselves by the clearness and precision with which it imitated upon the humble copy. we had.—*Mobile Advertiser*.

CURIOSITIES OF BIBLE LITERATURE.—It is a curious fact that there are about five hundred verses in Matthew's Gospel that are also in Mark's, more than three hundred verses in Luke that are also in Mark, and about one hundred and twenty that are also in Matthew. Nearly one-half of the Gospel by Luke is to be found in Mark or Matthew.—*Investigator*.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.—Thousands of men breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not partake of good in the world; and none were blest by them, none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished. Their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal! Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as bright on the earth as the stars of heaven.—*Chalmers*.

A CLERGYMAN KILLED.—NEW YORK, May 3.—Yesterday, as the Rev. Charles H. Halsey, Rector of Christ Church, and one of our most exemplary and respected clergymen, was inspecting the work on the new edifice, in course of erection for him, he fell through a window space to the ground, a distance of some sixty feet, and died about half an hour after.

The death of the above clergyman was accidental, of course, and can be accounted for by a natural cause; but if the above circumstance had happened to an infidel lecturer while he was inspecting the work on an infidel edifice, it would hardly have been considered an accident—at least not by Christians of the Grant Thorburn stamp, who would most likely have pronounced it a "judgment," and got up a "tract" to prove that falling from buildings and getting killed was a legitimate consequence of infidelity.—*Boston Investigator*.

A GRAVE JOKE.—Our landlords are getting mighty particular about their tenants, as to their rents. If a body has half a dozen children, and of course more need of a house than if he had none at all, he is very coolly told that he cannot have the premises. "Mave you children, madam?" inquired one of these sharpeners of a lady in modest black, who was looking at one of his houses just finished and in perfect order. "Yes," said the gentle mother, "I have seven, sir, but they are all in the church-yard." A sigh and the dew of a tear gave impressiveness to the painful remark, and without parley the bargain was closed. Her little flock were waiting for her in the church-yard around the corner, and were delighted to hear that she had found a snug house so speedily. The landlord says he shall never trust a woman in black after this.

INGENIOUS INVENTION.—Dr. Kreil, formerly director of the observatory at Prague, has invented an ingenious instrument to measure the force, duration and direction of earthquakes. It consists of a pendulum, so contrived that, while it can move in any direction, it can not return. A perpendicular cylinder is attached, which, by means of clock-work, turns on its vertical axis in twenty-four hours. A pole with a thin elastic arm is fixed near the pendulum; this arm points toward the cylinder, and presses on it gently a pencil, by which means an unbroken line is formed on the surface of the cylinder as long as the pendulum is at rest; but if it is put in motion by an earthquake, the pencil makes broken marks, which show the strength, duration and period of it.—*Baldwin's Pictorial*.

ANGEL WATCHERS.—And if the angels are with us and looking upon us with tender eyes, surely our loved ones who have joined the immortals, and who are as the angels, can not be very far from us, but are with us, whispering the kind words which our dull earthly ears can not hear. How much better is it to believe this, than that they are sleeping in the grave. All that is there, is but a handful of inanimate dust. We may go and weep over the graves where we have laid the earthly remains of the loved and lost, and bewail the turf with our tears; but that dear one we mourn is not there, but lives in another body, and often walks by our side, though unperceived by our dim earthly vision.—*Boston Intelligencer*.

THE END OF A GLUTTON.—English papers mention the suicide of a Mr. Royalstone, who ten years ago was worth one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, which he has squandered in the gratification of his appetite. He had agents in China, Mexico, Canada, and other places to supply him with the rarest delicacies, and a single dish sometimes cost him fifty pounds. At length, on the 15th of April, nothing was left him but a solitary guinea, a shirt, and a battered hat. He bought a woodcock with the guinea, which he had served up in the highest style of culinary art; he gave himself two hours for an easy digestion, and then jumped into the Thames from Westminster bridge.

EFFECTS OF TOBACCO.—In the United States, physicians have estimated that twenty thousand persons die every year from the use of tobacco. In Germany, the physicians have calculated that, of all the deaths which occur between the ages of eighteen and twenty-six, one-half originate in the waste of constitution by smoking. They say that the article exhausts and deranges the nervous powers, and produces a long train of nervous diseases, to which the stomach is liable, and especially those forms that go under the name of dyspepsia. It also exerts a disastrous influence on the mind.

GREAT MASS MEETING

OF THE FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

A MEETING of the Friends of Human Progress will be held in WARELY, on the nineteenth of August, 1855, to continue for three days, and as much longer as may be deemed advisable. A Committee of Arrangements has been appointed to secure accommodations for all who may be in attendance from abroad. Eminent speakers have been secured to address the audience.

Friends of Human Progress—ye who hail with rejoicing every indication of the ascendancy of Reform in Religion, Philosophy, Social and Industrial Life—all who labor for the advancement of Truth and the overthrow of Error—come up to this convocation of co-laborers with you. The homes and the hearts of good men will welcome you with rejoicings.

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MRS. A. EDGECOMBE, R. HOLLENBECK, WM. PICK,
A. RICE, Committee of Arrangements.
Waverly, July 12, 1855.

TO THE PATRONS OF THIS PAPER.

THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH is published weekly at \$2 per annum, or \$1 for six months, payable in advance. It is our intention to notify our patrons of the time when their subscription terminates, and if they are not renewed, the paper is discontinued. We beg our friends not to deem it abrupt or unkind in us if the paper is discontinued, since our mailing clerk keeps the books in accordance with the general system we have adopted, and can exercise no discretion. The proprietors never know, except by chance, when a subscription expires or a paper is discontinued.

TO OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.—We purpose in future to deliver this paper to city subscribers through the regular mail, which can be done for one cent per copy, if the subscriber prepay the postage at his office. The price of the paper and delivery will be \$2 25, and the subscriber must take the risk of the faithful performance of duty, so far as relates to the Post Office Department.

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